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The Pathfinder

JUNE, 1908

The Three Strands

By CHARLES B. MITCHELL

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

With the May number THE PATHFINDER will be published privately. In arranging for the transfer, it was found impossible to issue any number for April. The editor respectfully begs the indulgence of his supporters and promises no further interruption.

Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand. These will be sold to new subscribers at the usual rate.

Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

With the July number, 1907, THE PATHFINDER began its second volume. During the year, a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Milton, etc.

THE PATHFINDER contains the following feature articles in Volume II:

1. *The Ballad of the Swineherd*. By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
2. *William Blake*. By EDWIN WILEY.
3. *William Blake*. (Concluded)
4. *Henry Timrod*. By G. L. SWIGGETT.
5. *The Passing of the Lion*. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT.
6. *Milton's Ode, Christ's Nativity*. By G. L. SWIGGETT.
7. *Abelard*. By F. W. ALLEN.
8. *Boccaccio*. By F. W. ALLEN.
9. *Rossetti*. By G. B. ROSE.
10. *The Enchanting Disenchanted*. By A. GUYOT CAMERON.
11. *The Three Strands*. By C. B. MITCHELL.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

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All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

The Pathfinder

Vol. II]

JUNE, 1908

[No. II

SONNET TO R. L.

Reprint from RICHARD BARNFIELD (1574-1627)

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree

As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother),
Then must the love be great twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.

Dowland to thee is deare, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish humane sense.

Spenser to mee ; whose deepe conceit is such
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodious sound
That Phoebus lute, the Queene of Musique, makes :
And I in deepe delight am chiefly drownd

Whenas himselfe to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets faigne :
One knight loves both, and both in thee remaine.

*THE THREE STRANDS**By* CHARLES B. MITCHELL

A brief and easily intelligible definition of what the critics mean by "classicism" and "romanticism" would have been of inestimable value to the writer when he began the serious and systematic study of literature. One may read good literature, enjoy its beauty and be broadened by contact with its spirit, without this information, but the student of literature will find himself often puzzled to understand the meaning of the critics and historians to whom he turns for guidance.

Classicism, romanticism and—for a third term is necessary—modernism, are the three strands of which the web of modern literature is woven. The first represents the influence of the so-called "classic" literatures of Greece and Rome, the second is our heritage from the middle ages, the third is the spirit of our own time.

The ancient Greeks were students of proportion. They had keen eyes for beauty of form and line, and were always interested in the whole rather than in the parts. Perhaps one can understand the classic spirit best by sitting for a

long time in front of the *Venus of Milo* and letting that masterpiece of Grecian art make its own impression on the soul. It is the perfection of the whole figure that makes the strongest appeal; no feature or member calls attention to itself at the expense of the rest. It was this harmony for which the Greeks sought, whether in life or in the literary expression of it. They saw life steadily, and saw it whole. They judged all things by rational rather than emotional standards. Literature which is inspired by the classic spirit will be marked by a noble self-restraint, a dignified harmony and proportion. It will not be sown with purple patches of rhetoric, nor furnish many favorite quotations. It would be difficult to name a finer example of the classic manner and spirit than Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*. The poem tells a moving tale, and yet is statuesque in its quiet majesty. Hardly a single line remains in the memory, but the whole picture is unforgettable.

Romanticism is our heritage from the middle ages. It represents the elements of color, of mystery, of passion,—in a word, of romance. Its symbol is the Gothic cathedral, with its towering spires, its forests of pillars, its aisles losing themselves in gloom, its many-tinted

—

windows. It deliberately seeks the unusual and extraordinary, the beautiful woman, the gigantic hero, the knight of spotless soul, the grand passion, the great deed in which a whole life is poured out to be drunk up by the sand. It sacrifices proportion to impressiveness, the whole to the startling part. Its appeal is to the emotions. It strives to kindle love, wonder, reverence, the characteristics of soul which make saints and heroes. Sir Walter Scott's romances of chivalry, the "High Church" revival of mediæval religion, the political theories of Ruskin and Carlyle, the poetry of Keats and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, are all illustrations of romanticism. Perhaps Keats' *The Eve of St. Agnes* may be taken as the typical romantic poem. When the typical romanticist touches modern life as his literary field, he is still in search of the startling, the unique, the romantic. There may have been one Jean Valjean. Hugo, the romanticist, fastens on him as if he were the only type of criminal.

A new literary spirit has arisen in our own time, which we have named "modernism" (with apologies to the Pope and Father Tyrell). Sometimes, as in the case of Tennyson, it is allied with a great deal of the classic sense for form

and the romantic love for color and mystery; but always it seeks the inner meaning of things. It is interested in the soul. It turns away from the extraordinary and the romantic, to give itself to the service of the humbler people and facts of life. With Millet and Josef Israels it paints the peasant; with Kipling it describes the life of the common soldier. In Browning it disdains all the graces of style, seems careless of the distinction between prose and poetry, and relies entirely for its appeal on the subtlety with which it analyzes motives, the skill with which it strips the soul of its disguises, and its success in finding nobility in the humblest and the soul of goodness even in things evil. Having discovered the dignity and significance of the life of the lowly, art and literature become their champions against their oppressors. The poet turns propagandist. Hood sings *The Song of the Shirt*, Mrs. Browning of *The Cry of the Children*, Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier spoke for the dumb slave, Edwin Markham, in *The Man with the Hoe*, pleads the cause of the oppressed in all lands and prophesies the coming social revolution. In Markham, Jack London and Upton Sinclair, "modernism" becomes frankly socialistic. Patriotism drops

into the background, if it is not roundly denounced, and the ideal of universal brotherhood and world-wide peace is passionately proclaimed.

Modernism as a literary tendency is comparatively new, and therefore has some of the defects of youth. It is too self-sufficient. It is disdainful of culture, impatient of romance. Sordidness and sin are not synonymous with "realism." Goodness is just as real in some persons as baseness in others. Modernism is inclined to sacrifice all the elements of beauty on which both classicism and romanticism insist, to ethical appeal and sociological influence. It needs to go to school to the older literary spirits to learn breadth, balance, sanity, harmony, sweetness. And yet modernism in literature, the spirit of interest in the inward and the lowly, the spirit of revolt against injustice, the spirit of aspiration for a better-ordered world, is the spirit of our own time, and, as men of our time, it should be the predominant influence in our lives.

We may love, and seek to cultivate the harmony of the Greek, the color and passion of the mediæval life, but after all our ears and our souls should be widest open to the voices about us

which are calling attention to the divinity that dwells in the common man and the common life, and summoning us to do our part in bringing in "the Golden Year."



CHERRY RIPE

Reprint from THOMAS CAMPION

There is a Garden in her face,
Where Roses and white Lillies grow ;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow.
There Cherries grow which none may buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row ;
Which when her lovely laughter showes,
They look like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still ;
Her Browes like bended bowes doe stand,
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt, with eye or hand,
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

*OLD WINE TO DRINK**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN**II.—DR. THOMAS CAMPION*

"There are men and classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not unfrequently . . . the physician almost as a rule. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practise an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Herculean cheerfulness and courage."—R. L. S. in the dedication to *Underwoods*.

Dear R. L. S.—I'm sure you, who had so much to do with doctors and ranked them so highly as men, would have delighted in the pills of old Thomas Campion. How your blood would have thrilled to have called him in and, after the pulse was counted and the thermometer removed from your mouth, to have breathlessly asked: "How's that patient you were telling me of? The one suffering from green-room colic? Shake—Shake-something, I believe you called him?" Then, when you had artfully wormed from this old disciple of Hippocrates, all you could concerning the nature of this most peculiar malady, you would turn to his treatment and

discover just how he had pilled William, bled him, and fluted him back to his usual humor.

O there is no doubt about his being Shakespeare's physician. He good-naturedly did poor Will's practice for passes to *Much a Do* and *Ends Well*, favorite plays with doctors. You may see him now, dear Man at the Window, his family clustered domestically about him, watching gentle Will do his turn in *As You Like It*. The doctor always attributed the melancholia of the mysterious Jacques and the ravings of Hamlet to biliousness—"If I could have bled Jacques and pilled Hamlet," he would insist, "it would save you many a weary paper, Will, in the women's clubs."

A professional musician, dear Louis, would never have appreciated Champion, but you, the beloved amateur, would most surely love this lute-playing maker of songs. He sought the poetry of music. For him there was no beauty that did not sing.

As a practitioner he had many young widows and languishing maiden ladies on his lists. I am sure that you will agree with me that this was for no base purpose. In this day it would be termed suggestive therapeutics. Think yourself how delightful to be just a trifle sick and

have your deep-voiced and sympathetic pillman come and, while the leech was applied, open a thin volume and read much-like unto this :

“ Give beauty all her right,—
She's not to me forme tyed ;
Each shape yields fair delight,
When her perfections bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be ;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.”

“ Some, the quick eye commends ;
Some, swelling lips and red ;
Pale lookes have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowres that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowres of love.”

So, you see, our Campion not only ministered to the body, but, as well, was physician to the soul. And you know from this that he was of the lovers of the painted windows. I am inclined to think he was born in Kensington Garden with Barrie's Peter Pan.

I've been wondering what our window-painting leech thought of his friend Jonson, a somewhat puffed-up song-maker of the day. I've no doubt the latter's lyrics lost in beauty when read to Campion between details of symptoms clearly pointing to the victim's over-eating. Bah ! I'm glad we cannot get too close to these old sensua-

lists. It's their hideous flesh that is so ugly; the painted windows discover their souls. Let's have no portraits of the physical; no accounts of their "goings in and out;" just the beauty of their mind's creation. And that, my Master, is just what old Doctor Lyrics did—he left us his painted windows and storied walls.

*RESIGNATION**By* JAMES BRANNIN

I cannot even kiss your hand,
I cannot look into your eyes;
What merest friends may understand
My faint heart falters craven-wise;
I dare not look into your eyes.

I am not worthy of the prize
Some nobler heart will bear away:
The golden moment waits and flies,
One worth thy love would hold it, stay
Its beauty ere it flew away.

I do not fear the pensive-gay
Delight to see you very fair;
And yet I cannot even play
With this wild rose upon your hair;
I dare not crush a flower so fair.

*THE ENCHANTING DISENCHANTED**By A. GUYOT CAMERON**(Concluded from May)*

The gallery of Loti has some immortal pictures. A generation of use has not dimmed his descriptive talent: of the Sultan: "The man on earth the most unknown for the mass of occidental souls, the Khalif with superhuman responsibilities, the man who holds in his hand immense Islam and must defend it, as well against the unavowed coalition of Christian peoples as against the torrent of fire of Time; the man who, as far as the depths of the forest of Asia, is called 'the shadow of God.'" One almost sees the marvelous feminine beauties, culled from the world of Oriental voluptuousness; one feels the slaughter of souls indicated by the thought of their lives. Even over the teeming life of the city, or the pathetic suppression of the sighing lives behind the gloomy grills, is felt the isolation of Islam: "Everywhere around reigned that immobility, that indifference to the flight of time, that resigned and very gentle wisdom, which are found only in the country of Islam, in the isolating radiation of the sacred

mosques and of the great cemeteries." And once more Loti has represented that country of temperance and of peace; of kindness; of lines "majestic and calm;" "debonnaire;" of brilliant colorings and strange customs; of dominos, and damaska, and dervishes; of fierce dogs and of petted cats; of bearded virility and of quiet living; all in the setting of "dark ocre and red browns" out of which rise the dazzling whiteness of the minarets, on the black forest that girdle the Turk land with as if the reminiscences of its origins.

From these arise the cry of a femininity with a soul suppressed for centuries and asking freedom. No man in modern civilization can so well express that cry as Pierre Loti. By temperament, by experience; by subtlety of divination and of rendering; by heart which he disclaims; by these and yet others, he is the interpreter as no other can be. Criticism? How not laugh when judging by results? "After all, how negligible the shrugging of the shoulders of those who do not understand, in comparison with those ardent affections which one awakens, here and there, at the two ends of the world, in the souls of unknown women,—and which are perhaps the only reason that one may have to write." And

so Loti wins the confidence of those who feel that "life and happiness could only be one and the same thing, with *liberty*."

So live their lives, the *Désenchantées*, in the country of prayer and of peace, of rêverie and of resignation, of mystic and of mortuary sense ! dominated by the imposing mass of the mosques and the crystalline call of the muezzins, and full of fatalistic dust and decay.

Loti is not a large neologist. But he has used in this volume a word that in a way represents his style ; *liliole*, it predicates the exotic, the tall, supple stalk, with surprising strength, the beauty of flowering, the quality of feminine atmosphere. And the male idea is furnished by the vibrating thought of tender and yet thrilling awe in what Loti so often in his works speaks of as "*l' universelle mort*."

It is a curious rôle, this of Loti, as the saviour of Womankind, and as the sociologist of Love. But the wail of womanhood is heard : and "will no voice be heard then, to cry their blindness to these men, nevertheless good and at times tender, our fathers, our husbands, our brothers ! Always, for the whole world, the Turkish woman might be then the slave purchased for her sole beauty?" says one of them writing to Loti.

And another puts the accusation against the very civilization for which they long and which they need, as she writes the pitiful account of the other woman who faded into final prepared sleep, a victim of the system and of the conditions so exquisitely outlined in this story: "It is from the thinking too much and from the knowing too much, that she has been poisoned each day a little—It is the Occident that has killed her, André—If one had left her primitive and ignorant, beautiful merely, I would see her there near me, and I would hear her voice—And my eyes would not have wept, as they will weep days and nights yet—I would not have this despair. André, if she had remained the little princess of the plains of Asia."

As always, Pierre Loti denies in these pages from preface to tragic close, personal reminiscence. Yet it is the same man who writes: "Beings like himself, who might have been great mystics but have known how to find nowhere the light so sought, fall back with all their disappointed ardor towards love and youth, hang on to them as despairing when they feel them flee. And then begin the puerile and lamentable despairs, because the hairs whiten and the eyes dull; one spies, in desolate terror, the moment

when women will turn aside towards others, their look."

The concessions sought by the modern educated Turkish woman are mild enough, and, as they claim, not incompatible with any text of their prophet. "The maximum of their claims was that they should be treated more as thinking beings, free and responsible; that they should be permitted to receive certain men, even veiled, if it was demanded, and to converse with them,—especially when it is a question of a fiancé." But old Stamboul! too, suffers from the fever and the falsenesses of modernism: "it crumbles, it is finished. Now one must make a *com-plaisant* and continual selection of what one looks at there, of corners that one frequents there; on the heights, the mosques still stand, but all the lower quarters are already undermined by 'progress,' which arrives full speed with its misery, its alcohol, its hopelessness, and its explosives. The evil blast of the Occident has passed also over the city of the Khalifs; here it is 'disenchanted,' in the same manner as will soon be all the women of its harems."

"Will you well have felt the sadness of our life? Will you well have understood the crime of awakening souls which sleep and then of

shattering them if they take wings, the infamy of reducing women to the passivity of things? Tell it, you, that our existences are as if engulfed in sand, and like to slow agonies—Oh! tell it! Let my death serve at least my Mussulman sisters—speak of them and speak for them. Be their defender in the world where one thinks. And may their tears all, may my anguish of this hour, touch finally the poor blinded, who love us nevertheless, but who oppress us."

So writes to Pierre Loti one of the three souls of this book to whose memory his last word, of him who, granting his mistakes yet interprets the soul of things, calls as from the far foreign land of his home he cries out: "O Djénane-Féridé-Azâdé, may the rahmet of Allah descend upon thee! May peace be to thy proud and white soul! And may thy sisters of Turkey, at my call, during some years yet before forgetfulness, tell again thy dear name, at even in their prayers."

Recent Publications

THOMAS MCKEAN—*The Master Influence*. Love is indeed the theme of this romance of love. The author has his numerous characters play the great game in a very clever manner. Illustrated in color by Grefé. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE—*Camp and Trail*. An indispensable book of extremely valuable practical suggestions concerning camp life. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1907.

F. MARION CRAWFORD—*The Primadonna*. The sequel to *Fair Margaret*. An absorbing tangle of mystery runs through this novel of present-day New York and English life. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

CLARENCE E. MULFORD—*The Orphan*. A story of Western ranch life full of stirring incidents, realistic description and strong picturesque characters. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1908.

MAURICE HEWLETT—*The Spanish Jade*. A bit of realism out of Old Spain, with scenery and customs depicted for us in the author's delightful manner. Appropriately illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

ELIZABETH MILLER—*The City of Delight*. A well-written tale of the siege and fall of Jerusalem with an inwoven romance of tender pathos and idyllic charm. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill & Co. 1908.

MARY IMLAY TAYLOR—*The Reaping*. The author has written nothing better. A strong novel, dealing with the high lights and more quiet shadows of Washington social and political life. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1908.

PAUL BOURGET—*The Weight of the Name*. Mr. Ives has admirably concealed the translator's hand in this fine French romance wherein we have a transcript of modern French life waging its war of outlived but cherished ideals and modern demands. A love idyll of deep and tender attachment heightens the pathos of this. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1908.

WINSTON CHURCHILL—*Mr. Crewe's Career*. A strong and serious novel demanding the attention of all thoughtful Americans. Strongly drawn characters—and characters that will live—war for a place in a political race of gripping interest. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

HENRY SYLVESTER NASH—*The Atoning Life*. A splendid sequence of helpful chapters concerning the approach to the Atonement. How this may be achieved through the acquisition of a steadfast faith in Christ, making for perfect development, is convincingly revealed in exceedingly simple language. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER—*Italica*. Anything from the author concerning the "Enchanted Land" is read with pleasure; readers will welcome, therefore, these fugitive papers collected in permanent form. The literary studies range from Dante to Fogazzaro. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

PAUL ELMER MORE—*Shelburne Essays*. The essays in this fifth volume, revised and enlarged from earlier publication, reveal the author's broad vision, unusual critical acumen and most engaging style. The titles range from the Greek Anthology to Gissing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE—*The Old Dominion*. Essays concerning the making and manners of Virginia. Various phases of Virginia's development are treated with the

author's fine discriminating taste and charm of manner in this book that should serve as a model to all states possessing a heritage capable of producing such deep devotion. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE — *Tragedy*. The third volume in *The Types of English Literature* gives further evidence of the excellence of this series. The idea is capital and the execution uniformly good. Professor Thorndike's treatment of English tragedy from its beginnings to Browning is scholarly, his style exceptionally pleasing and his judgments sound. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

SYDNEY GEORGE FISCHER — *The Struggle for American Independence*. An enlargement into two volumes of the author's earlier one-volume *True History of the American Revolution*. Constant use has been made of all documents throwing light upon this great struggle from the early conditions and causes to the final separation. This matter is never obtrusive, even to the general reader, for whom this book will afford the opportunity of modifying many an older idea concerning the relations between England and America before and during the war. The military campaign is told with full and vivid detail. Illustrations from documents, maps, and old prints. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

A NOTABLE WORK BY THE POET, LANIER

Shakspeare ^{and} ^{His} Forerunners

*Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and
its Development from Early English*

By SIDNEY LANIER

Contents

- I. THE ELIZABETHAN WRITERS — The Formal Side of Poetry.
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- III. NATURE in Early English and in Shakspeare: *Beowulf* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.
- IV. SOME BIRDS of English Poetry: The *Phoenix* of *Cynewulf* and of Shakspeare, and Dunbar's *Twa Douws*.
- V. WOMEN of English Poetry Down to Shakspeare: *St. Juliana* and *Love's Labour Lost*.
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- XIII-XIV. MUSIC of Shakspeare's Time.
- XV-XVIII. DOMESTIC LIFE of Shakspeare's Time.
- XIX. THE DOCTORS of Shakspeare's Time.
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MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

* *
*



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South.

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A special edition of ten copies was printed on Japan paper, bound in full morocco boards, lettered in gold and lined with silk. These copies were illuminated by the Sister Superior of the Order of S. Mary in the State of Tennessee. The price of these were \$10 each, and they were all subscribed for before the book was published.

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